

P
994.3
NOR
C4

North QUEENSLAND

*The Cream
of the
Continent*

LAND OF THE SUN.

To know one's country is the first duty of every man; to know all countries is to have attained the highest state of intellectual development.

It is not given to most of us to travel abroad to other lands, to visit the ancient shrines and historical places which weld the tines of Time. But it is within the possibility of most of us to travel our own country—a land which possesses an infinite number and variety of tourist attractions—scenery which is unique.

Make a pilgrimage this winter to the Wonderland of North Queensland via the "Sunshine Route," a sunlit Road of Adventure and Romance which traverses scenes of historic interest and vistas of surpassing loveliness—

"The Long Trail.
The trail that is always new."

COMPILED AND PUBLISHED BY THE

QUEENSLAND
TOURIST



GOVERNMENT
BUREAU

ADELAIDE STREET, BRISBANE

17 MARTIN PLACE,
SYDNEY

247 COLLINS STREET,
MELBOURNE

CANEFIELDS AT MOWBRAY MOSSMAN VALLEY NTH. QLD.



Townsville, Gateway to the Tropic North.



*At Townsville we are on the threshold,
as it were, of all the wonders and
delights of Tropical Australia. The
above photograph overlooks the Strand
and Cleveland Bay, with Magnetic
Island on the right.*

TOWNSVILLE



URING the Queensland winter tourist season—mainly between April and October—when sun-worshippers travel from afar to escape the severity of a Southern winter, a great pilgrimage sets in to Townsville, “Gateway to the Tropic North.” Heeding the call to “follow the sun to Queensland” tourists flock northwards in the Sunshine Trains or in luxury liners along the Great Barrier Coral Reef, finally arriving on the threshold of a glamorous land.

Situated on the western shores of Cleveland Bay and on the banks of Ross Creek, Townsville is the commercial capital of North Queensland and the official port for a hinterland of vast extent and richness. With a population of 32,000 and an annual export of £7,000,000, it is the largest provincial city in the State. Townsville was founded in 1863 by John Melton Black, manager of Towns and Co., for the purpose of providing a port for the produce of the Company’s pastoral properties and for the Burdekin squatters, as the floods to which that river is subject often made access to Bowen very difficult. The settlement was named after Black’s partner, Captain Robert Towns, sailor, shipowner, and wealthy Sydney capitalist. To-day, instead of the bush track and the two-wheeled dray of the pioneer, there is a railroad extending in a shining band of steel as far inland as Mount Isa, the world’s greatest silver-lead mine, drawing to Townsville the wealth of agricultural lands near the coast and the pastoral and mineral largess of the Far West direct to the holds of ships berthed at the commodious wharves. The largest meatworks in the Commonwealth—Ross River and Alligator Creek—export many thousands of tons of frozen beef and canned meats.

Viewed from Cleveland Bay the city with its guardian ranges and hills presents a most attractive appearance. Conspicuous in the background are the Hervey and Leichhardt Ranges, Mount Elliott rising 3,980 feet. The precipitous bulk of Castle Hill (“Cudthorunga”) towering to 960 feet affords wonderful views of city and bay. The Strand, running for miles along the waterfront, is one of the most delightful pleasantries on the Australian littoral. Trips are arranged to Mount Spec, a tropical wonderland ramparted among the clouds at 3,300 feet.

MAGNETIC ISLAND



QUEENSLAND—this Land of Continuous Sunshine—richly endowed with an infinite number of scenic attractions, is indeed fortunate in being also blessed with a large number of beautiful islands along her silver shores. Indeed, there are more islands off the coast of Queensland than in any equal extent of coastline in the world. Between Stradbroke Island in the south and Thursday Island in the north there are hundreds of islands varying in size from bare rocks or banks of coral debris and sand to Fraser Island, sixty-eight miles in area, and others twenty miles long—the “drowned” mountain peaks and ranges of bygone ages.

Magnetic Island is one of those Isles of Enchantment. Triangular shaped and twenty square miles in area, it was named “Magnetical Island” by Captain Cook in 1770 under the impression that the variations in his compasses were caused by the influence of magnetic iron.

Called “Daggoombah” by the blacks, Magnetic is a mountainous island bejewelling the sparkling cobalt waters of Cleveland Bay, some four miles from Townsville and connected by regular launch service. This is one of the most picturesque of the many island resorts along our coast, and annually attracts large numbers of tourists from near and afar.

This beautiful isle—“the meeting place of dreams, nurtured by sunshine through the languid hours”—is indented by a series of crescent-shaped coves and bays each forming a playground of considerable charm. Picturesque Nellie Bay and the quaint thatched huts at Mandalay, Picnic Bay, “Arcadia” at Jeffrey’s Bay known as the Eastern Village, and “Alma Den” at Alma Bay provide a tropical atmosphere most enchanting. “Alma Den” particularly is an appealing little spot nestling among gigantic granite boulders and a riot of colourful tropical shrubs. The perfectly formed bathing beach is protected from the menace of sharks by an iron rail fence.

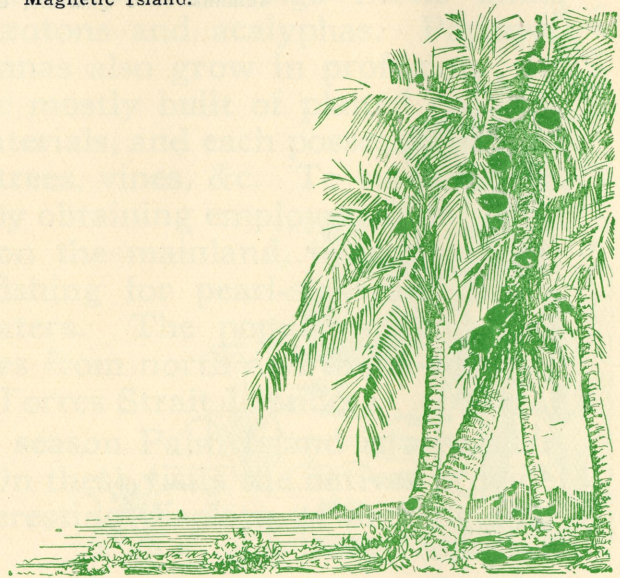
The settlements comprise separate huts, community dining and recreation rooms, and modern conveniences, and are set amid groves of coconut palms, mangoes, tamarinds, and other tropical trees. Here are ideal conditions for most enjoyable holidays.

PALESTINE ISLAND



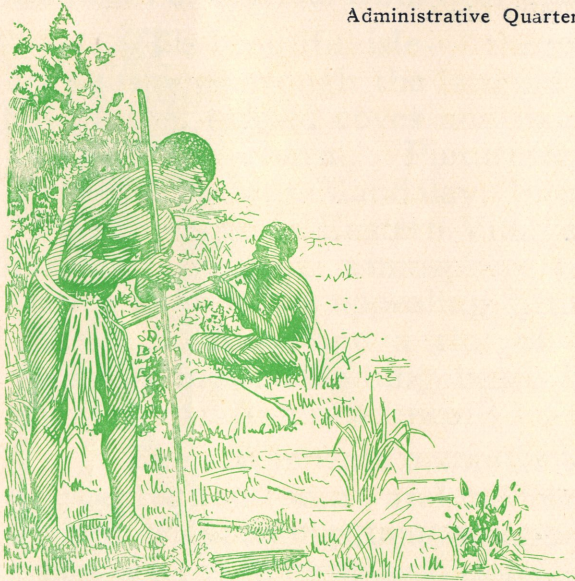
“Arcadia,” Magnetic Island.

A series of coves and bays indent the shores of Magnetic Island, each containing a little settlement picturesquely set amid groves of coconut palms, mango and tamarin trees, and colourful tropical shrubs.





Administrative Quarters, Great Palm Island.



The aboriginal settlement at Challenger Bay is laid out in a uniform system of village streets, beautified with avenues of softly threshing coco-palms and mango trees.

PALM ISLAND



ALTHOUGH usually spoken of as Palm Island, the site of the principal aboriginal settlement in Queensland is on Great Palm Island, the largest of the group. It is situated 35 miles north from Townsville and about 22 miles east from Lucinda Point, with an area of 25 square miles. The Island was declared a reserve in 1914, but the present settlement was not established until 1918, after the disastrous cyclone which entirely demolished the settlement on the Hull River.

These islands were known to the blacks as "Boorgaman," the name of the original tribes which inhabited them. Great Palm Island is mountainous, the highest peak rising to 1,890 feet, and thickly covered with dense scrub containing excellent timbers. All round the island are picturesque sandy bays, behind which are pockets of alluvial soil. Challenger Bay provides sheltered anchorage from the south-east winds and has been used by the Australian Navy during manoeuvres. Like most of the islands within the Great Barrier Reef region, this island is partly surrounded by a fringing coral reef, exposed at low tide, but with exquisite coral formations where it dips into deep water. The aboriginal settlement is situated in a deep pocket at Challenger Bay and is picturesquely laid out in a uniform system of village streets, beautiful with avenues of coconut palms and mangoes. The administrative quarters and other buildings nestle amid vivid tropical shrubs, such as crotons and acalyphas. Papaws, granadillas, pineapples, and bananas also grow in profusion. In the native village the homes are mostly built of plaited coconut leaves, thatch, or other native materials, and each possesses a little garden of tropical shrubs, fruit trees, vines, &c. To some extent the natives maintain themselves by obtaining employment on cattle stations, farms, or plantations on the mainland, by community farming on the island, or by fishing for pearl-shell and other marine products in adjacent waters. The population is about 1,200, composed mostly of natives from north and north-western Queensland with a sprinkling of Torres Strait Islanders.

During the winter tourist season Palm Island is a regular calling place for tourist liners. On these visits the natives provide spectacular corroborees and interesting displays of dancing and action songs.

HINCHINBROOK



INCHINBROOK Channel and Whitsunday Passage are names familiar to most Australians, and reminiscences of a tour of North Queensland invariably include enthusiastic reference to at least one of these high spots of scenic beauty. It is the impressive heights of Hinchinbrook Island that provide much of the grandeur of the scenery—Mount Bowen's altitude being 3,650 feet, Mount Diamantina 3,150 feet, Mount Strolach 3,020 feet, and several other peaks exceeding 2,000 feet. Between these elevations rising abruptly from the water's edge and the majestic ranges on the mainland is a comparatively narrow channel of very deep water which mirrors the luxuriant tropical growth on the slopes and assumes a likeness to a land-locked inlet surrounded by rugged mountainous masses. Indeed, world travellers have seen in Hinchinbrook Channel—so absolutely unique in Australian scenery—a resemblance to the fiords of Norway and Seto-Naikai, the famed Inland Sea of Japan.

Captain King, of the "Mermaid," named Hinchinbrook in 1819. Situated in Rockingham Bay, approaching within four miles of the Herbert River in the south, and to a point opposite Cardwell in the north, Hinchinbrook National Park comprises about 96,700 acres and is twenty-two miles long, consisting entirely of steep ranges, cone-shaped peaks, and table-tops clothed with a rich brocade of deep green tropical foliage. Waterfalls thread the jungle-clad slopes with veins of silver, leaping over gigantic precipices and falling thousands of feet into abysmal gorges "nigh as old as Time," or being swallowed in the riotous jungle bordering the lake-like expanse of ultramarine sea. It is here that Nature has hidden her choicest botanical specimens—a tropical paradise of rare floral splendour.

The wealth of colour in this sun-kissed region is amazing—especially to Southern visitors. Opalescent clouds enshrouding the heaved shoulders of the mighty peaks; azurite seas and empyrean skies; distant ranges of larkspur-blue; purple shadowed ravines; and verdant jungles and forests complete a rightly-wrought tapestry of colour woven, as it were, on the magic looms of Nature. And through the wild beauty of this fascinating region winds the Channel like a mobile plane of turquoise—a gondola passage for the prows of romance.



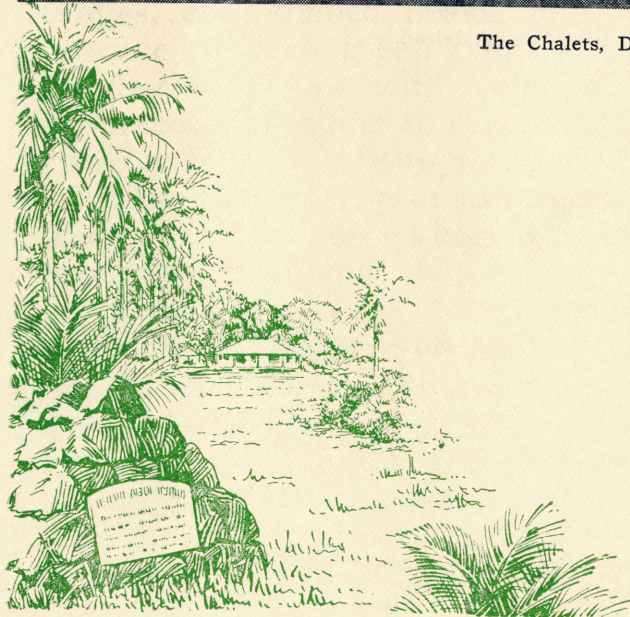
Leafe Point, Hinchinbrook Island.

Hinchinbrook National Park, with the wild majestic grandeur of towering peaks and plateaux, and the ineffable beauty of the Channel, constitutes one of the high lights of North Queensland scenery.





The Chalets, Dunk Island.



Dunk Island was for many years the home of "The Beachcomber" (the late E. J. Banfield), who paid many charming tributes to the beauty of his insular Arden throughout several notable books.

DUNK ISLAND



HIS delicious isle, this unkept, unrestrained garden where the centuries gaze upon perpetual summer. Small it is and of varied charms—set in the fountain of a time-defying youth . . . it typifies all that is tranquil, quiet, easeful, dream-like, for it is the Isle of Dreams.—Such was the tribute paid by the late E. J. Banfield to Dunk Island after he had dwelt in his insular Arden for fifteen years; and he said similar things over and over again in varying picturesque language throughout several notable books.

Some words have lost their souls and become mere counters in the exchange of thought, with as little colour and fragrance as a pressed flower. But some words are irrepressible and refuse to obey the dismal process of desiccation. The word “island” is one of these. What boy’s heart does not leap at the sight of an island, as Wordsworth’s did when he saw a rainbow, and Banfield’s when he became the hermit and beachcomber of Dunk Island, one of the entrancing groups and archipelagoes inside our Great Barrier Reef.

Geographically dwarfed by its bulky neighbour Hinchinbrook, Dunk Island embraces an area of $3\frac{1}{2}$ square miles, with indented shores about 10 miles in circumference, and rises 860 feet. Called “Coonanglebah” by the natives and named by Cook in June, 1770, after George M. Dunk, Earl of Halifax, First Lord of the Admiralty, this most far-famed fragment of its kind along Australian shores is now being developed as a tourist resort.

And what a tropic paradise for an enchanted holiday! Bathing in tonic opaline waters at Brammo Bay; wandering among the riotous splendour of cool tropical jungles; or exploring the isle in search of the wonderful treasures dear to the heart of “The Beachcomber”—the secret Cave of the Swiftlets, the lovely Cave of the Falling Star, the coral gardens and marine fairylands, and the wealth of bird life about which the literary Crusoe wrote so lovingly. Adjacent to Dunk Island—little more than an hour’s run in a fast launch—are splendid big-game fishing grounds which offer sport incomparable. Here even the veriest tyro with rod or line can feel the thrill of landing fiercely fighting fish. And there is always to be enjoyed cruising among the nearby islands and to the wildly beautiful Hinchinbrook National Park.

THE SUNSHINE ROUTE



AUSTRALIA—"last sea-thing dredged by sailor Time from Space"—holds many charms and surprises even for her native-born, who are just awakening to the fact that in scenic beauty and holiday attractions their own country is without peer. And this Land of Continuous Sunshine—the Queen State of the North—is rapidly gaining ascendancy in the affections of the Australian people as a perfect winter playground. Year after year a great exodus from the South sets in like a sweeping tide—a pilgrimage to an Enchanted Land—to North Queensland and the shimmering waters of the Great Barrier Reef, Mecca of the Tourist.

Since the "Endeavour" cautiously threaded her way along the Queensland coast, scraping over the jagged teeth of treacherous coral reefs, distances have diminished; dangerous waters have been charted and made traffic channels for shipping; and a great steel road has been cut through the vast tropical jungles of the mainland. The "Sunshine Route" offers the tourist a unique railroad journey—range of climate, variety of scenery, and diversity of interest. It spans more than a thousand miles of the State's fertile littoral, links numerous thriving cities and towns, and provides the quickest and most interesting route from Southern capitals to the Magic Northland.

Almost parallel to the "Sunshine Route" is the world's greatest coral reef, with its myriad islands, cays, and atolls extending for more than 1,200 miles from a point near Bundaberg to Torres Strait. Across the opaline waters of this huge enchanting lagoon launches and steamers provide connecting links between the "lazy isles" and the various ports of embarkation along the route. Thus new and fascinating holiday regions are brought within easy reach of the centres of population. Happy Valley, on Fraser Island, is reached via Maryborough. Heron Island is off Gladstone, while Brampton and Lindeman Islands are near Mackay. Day Dream Island, in the midst of the Whitsunday Group is off Proserpine. Magnetic is Townsville's island playground, and Dunk Island is accessible via Tully. Transported with every comfort and convenience, the tourist may travel on the new "Sunshine" trains from Brisbane to Cairns without a break in the journey of 1,043 miles—a sunlit road of adventure and romance.



Typical Northern Scenery.

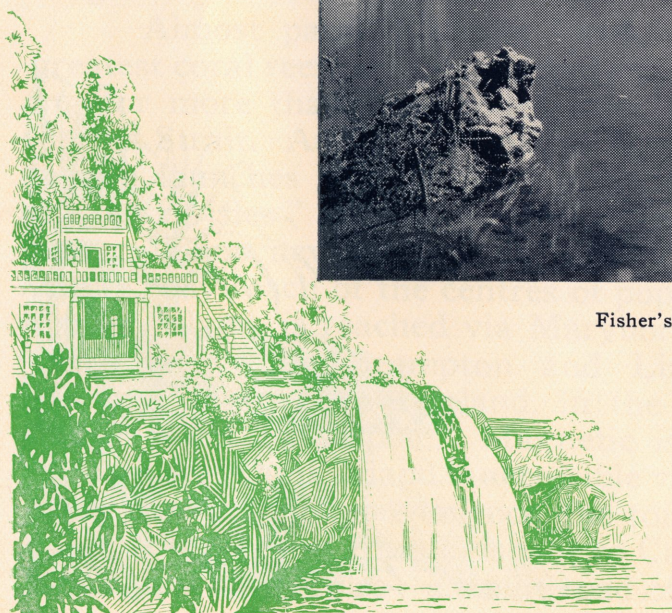
The riotous splendour of tropical vegetation in the heart of the sugar-cane country. The Herbert River, showing a little locomotive for hauling the cane, with the towering peak of Bellenden-Ker shrouded in clouds.



Innisfail and district, besieged by far-surging sugar-cane plantations, abounds with rare scenic beauty.



Fisher's Falls, Innisfail.



INNISFAIL



O seekers after the bizarre, Innisfail is a rare find, for it is the home of representatives of almost every nationality. Here is a modern Babel set amid illimitable acres of waving sugar-cane and the riotous splendour of the tropics—a wealthy cosmopolitan township in a land of sunshine and sugar-cane, cedar, and gold. Visitors would be well advised to tarry awhile at this “Two Million Pounds” Town, for besides being situated in the heart of the vast sugar-cane lands, the district is generously endowed with rare beauty.

A fascinating romance is woven round Innisfail's development. Sixty-three years ago this fertile region was gripped from end to end by impenetrable jungle and inhabited by wild and treacherous blacks. To-day it is one of the richest areas in the Commonwealth, of great industrial and commercial importance, notable for its varied agricultural possibilities and its flourishing sugar-cane industry. Enterprising efforts are now being made to settle and develop the Palmerston area in the hinterland of Innisfail, recognised as one of the most fertile of the unoccupied areas of the North.

One of the most interesting scenic features of Innisfail is Paronella Park on Mena Creek—twelve acres of virgin scrub discriminately improved by a public-spirited Spaniard, Joe Paronella, until it is now absolutely unique among Australian scenic attractions. Mourilyan Harbour, like a smuggler's retreat, Etty Bay, a delightful watering place, and the Millaa Millaa road through the Palmerston Scrub, are beauty spots also well worth visiting.

And on all sides green fields of sugar-cane spread over hills and dales like a shoreless sea. In the crushing season the mills, like giant sprawling dragons, pulsate with life, breathing fire and smoke, brilliantly lighted day and night, and grinding in their iron maws ton after ton of cane ceaselessly fed to them by revolving rakes. On the languorous air is borne the smell of molasses; snorting little locomotives speed through verdant fields hauling long trains stacked high with purple rods of succulent cane; and at nightfall gigantic flares of burning “trash” illuminate a landscape which has all the appearances of a foreign country.

CAIRNS



THE Wonderland of North Queensland, exotic, flamboyant in its loveliness, every winter acts as a powerful lodestone which attracts thousands of pilgrims from the shivering Southlands, who find in the caressing winterless sunshine and fecund beauty some potent alembic for the prolongation of life and happiness. And once having made acquaintance with the Magic Northlands and the Big Scrub, visitors find that thronging memories cause strange quickenings of blood through veins, a restlessness, a longing to return. They come, for the rest of the years, under the spell of the Tropics.

Cairns, Mecca of the Tourist, is Australia's most remote city, being 230 miles north of its next neighbour, Townsville, and more than 1,000 miles from Brisbane. The centre of one of the most prosperous provinces in the Commonwealth and the official port for a hinterland ranking among the richest agricultural regions in the world, Cairns is a handsome little city with a population of 12,000. Shaded by giant banyans, weeping figs, poincianas, and mango trees, and perfumed by the waxen flowers of frangipanni, Cairns lies, languorous in summer and invitingly restful in winter, by the peaceful waters of Trinity Bay. Behind, the purple bastions of the Coast Range look down upon plains where broad savannahs of sugar-cane wave their green fronds like the multitudinous pennons of an invading army. There is a loveliness, a haunting charm about this Child of the Sun which invites us to linger. Before journeying on to the Great Plateau delightful days can be spent in excursions to Green Island, Crystal Cascades, Paronella Park, Herbert River, Brown's Bay, or along Cook Highway to Port Douglas and Mossman.

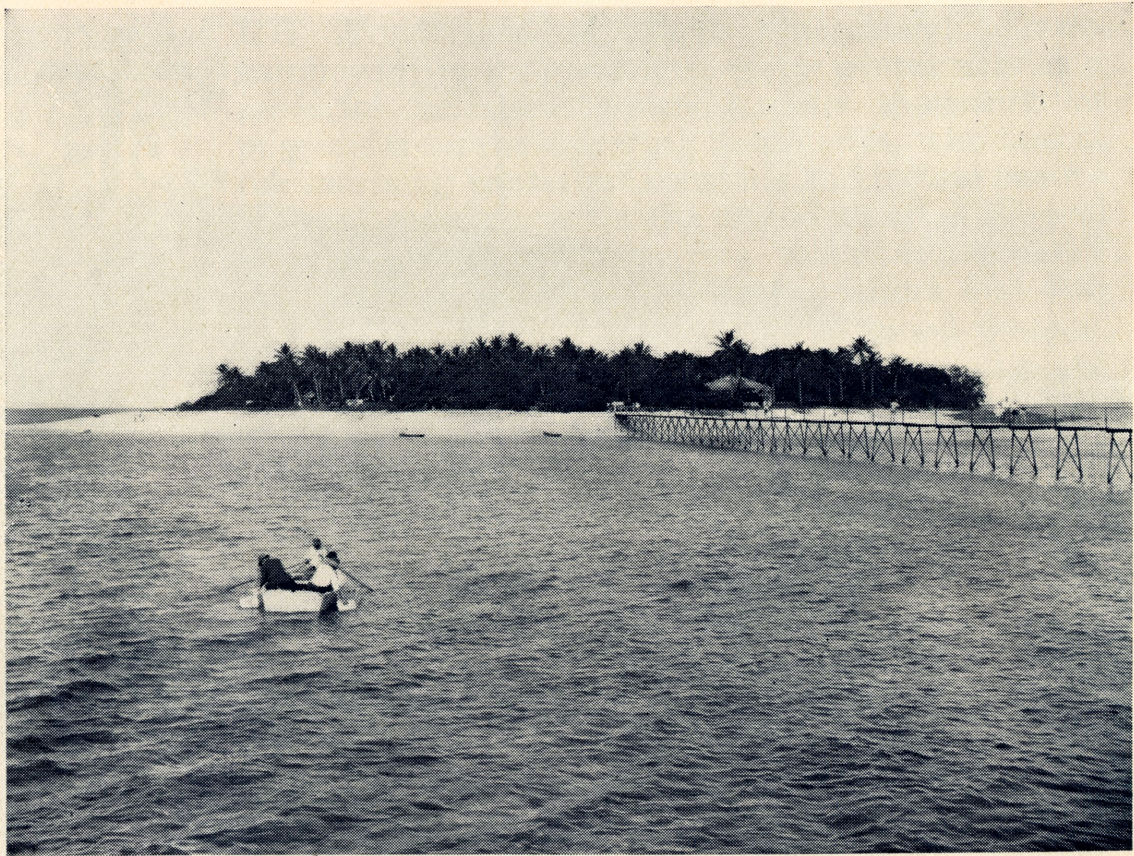
Cairns in winter-time—those wondrous months from June to August when the North is invested in a glorious panoply of warm rich tones! Many and varied are the loving memories of a sojourn in this truly tropical city—the glamorous appeal of a strange port when the tourist liners unload their happy, excited throngs and carnival spirit is in the air; the varied beauty of a hundred sun-splashed gardens; minah-birds squabbling in the poincianas; blue, languid evenings when questing breezes, fragrant with Arafura spices, wander idly down from the Coral Sea. . . . Truly the North is an Enchanted Land!



Cairns, Mecca of the Tourist.

There is a loveliness, a haunting charm about this City of the Sun sprawling on the shores of Trinity Inlet, which invites us to linger.





Barrier Reef Islet.



*Green Island, a coral cay, possesses
beautiful coral reefs and a wealth of
fascinating marine life.*

GREEN ISLAND



HE coastline of Queensland behind the vast natural breakwater of the Great Barrier Coral Reef unfolds scene on scene of entrancing loveliness unexcelled by any of the islands and happy havens washed by Ionian Seas. "The morning lands of history," they call the Lydian shores of Asia; and so they were four thousand years ago. But our Austral shores to-day have a better claim to the name. They have just awakened from the age-long night harbingered by Captain Cook and his dauntless sailors gazing in a wild surmise as they voyaged northward.

The fascinating but little-known Barrier Reef is now being "rediscovered," as it were, and Australians in rapidly increasing numbers are beginning to appreciate the beauty of the coral-girt islands and realise the holiday possibilities of the Barrier regions, where incomparable fishing grounds offer unending sport for the big-game hunter of the seas. The Outer or Barrier Reef extends from Broadsound to Bristow Island, near New Guinea, in an almost continuous series of reefs, cays, and atolls for twelve hundred miles—the greatest marine wonder of the world, built up through timeless aeons by countless myriads of microscopic coral polyps. This mighty rampart forms, as it were, an immense sheltered lagoon studded with "Islands of the Blest" which have an irresistible appeal to young and old alike.

Green Island, fifteen miles almost due east from Cairns, is another of the islands bejewelling the "Australian Main." It is a comparatively small coral cay built up of sand and coral debris, thickly wooded with pisonia, with fringing reefs which possess a wealth of tropical marine life. Visitors are able to view the coral-line wonders by drifting over the reefs and gazing through glass-bottomed floats.

And what a fascinating, colourful wonderland is revealed beneath these translucent waves! Truly it has been written that "the lavish hand which tints the painted finch and splashed pigments on the bird of paradise, and paints the parrot fish a livery of scarlet, black, and grey, has worked upon these corals, dyeing them in colour schemes the southern eye will at first call impossible." There is no marine region to equal the Great Barrier Reef as a holiday playground.

BARRON GORGE



KEEN and observant author who visited our shores of recent years enthusiastically declared that "the cream of all the Continent rises to the surface of the milk in North Queensland." And it may be added that the grandeur of northern scenery attains its highest degree of perfection with the Barron Gorge and tumultuous Falls.

The journey through the Barron Gorge is via the most wonderful scenic railroad in the Commonwealth. As the Mountain Train commences its long strong climb "Over the Bump" to the Great Plateau, the landscape below unfolds in a series of magnificent panoramas. Mounting higher and higher the eye ranges over a vast canvas on which Nature has lavished her palette of rare colours, exquisite tones, and atmospheric effects. Sugar-cane plantations resemble well-kept lawns, and farms and orchards make vivid checkerboard effects alternating with the deeper hues of ploughed lands, forests, and jungles. The Barron Gorge rolls back in orderly retreat among an "amphitheatre of purple hills," and far to the east we catch glimpses of the shimmering waters of Trinity Bay. As we round Red Bluff the Gorge appears in all its majesty and grandeur. The precipitous slopes are clothed with a gorgeous sylvan mantle, and far below winds the silver thread of the Barron River—"a serpent in diorite."

At the head of the gorge the river suddenly falls in gigantic cascades of foaming water about 800 feet to the glistening black rocks of the chasm far below. It is a wonderful sight, majestic, awe-inspiring in its grandeur, and remains indelibly impressed on the mind of the beholder. When one ventures down to the foot of the Falls where billowing clouds of spray are catapulted down the Gorge, individuality is lost in the contemplation of this monstrous avalanche of seething cascades. One can never grow tired of gazing upon this orgy of elemental waters, or the sublimely beautiful panorama which unfolds from some lofty vantage point, or cease to wonder at the magic of chiaroscuro. Once glimpsed the Barron Gorge will be found provocative beyond most vistas, even if the traveller is an experienced one. The roar of the Falls sounds like deep basses on the organ pipes of Nature intoning an elegy for a world whose origin is lost forever in the Night of Time.



Mighty Barron Falls.

The majestic grandeur of North Queensland scenery attains its highest degree of perfection with the Barron Gorge and tumultuous Falls.





"Fairyland," Kuranda.



There are natural jungle and forest gardens at "The Maze" and "Fairyland" within walking distance of Kuranda.

KURANDA



THE varied beauty of the little tourist township ramparted among the clouds a short distance above the Barron Falls offers a charming introduction to the magnificent scenery on the Atherton-Evelyn-Palmerston Tablelands. We are on the threshold, as it were, of the Great Plateau, which stretches for endless miles before us. Here we can sojourn awhile and absorb the sweet influences of this lofty region, 1,080 feet above sea-level, before continuing on to the other tourist centres of Malanda, Yungaburra, and Atherton.

There will be little rest at Kuranda, however, if all the scenic attractions are to be visited—unless, that is, the pause here is to be for longer than a few days. There are the natural forest and jungle gardens at “The Maze” and “Fairyland,” the Barron Falls and hydro-electric system which supplies power to four shires and several towns, King O’Malley’s Chair, Lady Robinson’s Lookout, Gray Mare’s Tail, the Devil’s Pool; and last, but scarcely least, the fragile, colourful insect treasures of “The Butterfly Man.”

The riotous splendour of a tropic jungle is revealed to advantage by a stroll through “The Maze.” We are ferried across the slowly flowing Barron River, and enter a natural arboretum by a leaf-strewn path which winds “with many a bowery turn” among tall colonades of valuable luxury timbers. Down cool green aisles we wander with dense undergrowth on either side and intricate traceries of vines, creepers, staghorns, and orchids hanging in festoons from the tree-tops. “Fairyland” Tea Gardens are also situated on the far slopes of the Barron River—

*“And a glamour draws us on
To the distance, rainbow spanned,
And the road we tread upon
Is the road to Fairyland.”*

To seekers after health, rest, or other recuperative influences Kuranda and the Tablelands offer all that could be desired. And, like the ladies in Rosetti’s “The Blessed Damozel,” the names of these entrancing mountain retreats will echo in the memory like “sweet symphonies.”

THE GREAT PLATEAU



OR those who prefer the calm, contemplative beauty of mountain and tableland to the siren call of the Barrier Reef, a world of picturesque charm, revealing Nature in her most appealing moods, awaits them on the Great Plateau in the Hinterland of Cairns. This extensive area of approximately 600,000 acres comprises three Tablelands—Atherton, Evelyn, and Palmerston—known as Oswald's Track a few decades ago.

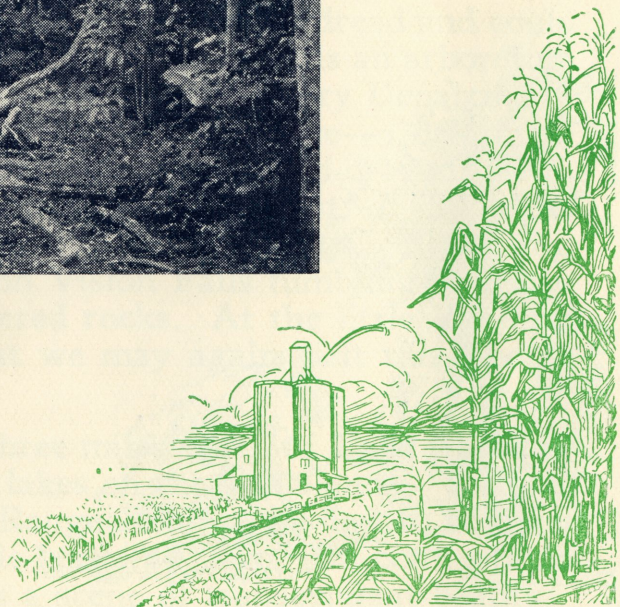
A fertile, smiling land where the sunshine is liquid amber and the air spiced wine, the Great Plateau sweeps away interminably to the rim of the sunset. It is a land where illimitable acres of golden maize surge over gently undulating red soil fields; where prime dairy cattle wade knee-deep in bush grasses; where tall-standing timbers march in thick phalanxes, waving their flowered foliage in the winds. It is a sun-kissed region where milk-white clouds, like newly-dipped sheep, chase each other across the empyrean dome of the sky—"the clouds the clouds chase," as George Meredith wrote in the daintiest and completest of his lyrics; and where singing streams and waterfalls thread the rich green brocade of veritable Plains of Promise with veins of silver.

The blood-red lands of the North! Great indeed are the beauties and potentialities of this lofty Temperate Zone rising from 2,000 feet to more than 3,000 feet. As the jungles and forests fell before the pioneer's flashing axe, the conquering ploughshare exposed their virgin richness to a tropic sun. To-day this vast area of 12,000 square miles is one of the most fertile regions in the Commonwealth, producing a largess of maize, timber, minerals, butter, cheese, tobacco, temperate and tropic fruits. On the Great Plateau is to be found some of the most picturesque country in Australia and an idyllic climate throughout the year. Tourists usually make Malanda, Atherton, or Yungaburra their headquarters, from where the various beauty spots are easily accessible. Jungle Avenue, the Johnstone River Falls, and Glen Allyn Falls are near Malanda. Another interesting trip is to the Herberton "Crater" at Mount Hypipamee. The beautiful Tully Falls, which rival the Barron in scenic grandeur, and the Millaa Millaa and Millstream Falls are situated near Ravenshoe. The Boonjee Plateau is also well worth a visit.



*An ancient Penda
tree and enormous
trailing vines at
Jungle Avenue,
Malanda.*

Tropical Jungle.





Lake Barrine.



*The peaceful beauty of the mystic
crater lakes of Eacham and Barrine
exercises a potent charm upon visitors,
who delight in boating on the tranquil
waters.*

THE CRATER LAKES



VISIT to the beautiful crater lakes of Eacham and Barrine constitutes one of the high lights of a tour of the Great Plateau. Known to the aborigines as "Yeetcham" and "Barrang," these Lakes of Enchantment are within easy motoring distance of the various tourist centres. Lake Eacham is situated within a few miles of Yungaburra on the line of parting of the Johnstone and Barron Rivers—a calm, majestic sheet of water, "aquamarine and azure and jacaranda blue," framed by a rich profusion of tropical vegetation.

The peaceful beauty of Eacham always exercises a potent charm upon visitors, who delight in skimming over the tranquil surface in a motor boat. The matted jungle falls steeply to the water's edge; long "monkey ropes" trail from high above forming fairy swings for the water nymphs; picturesque umbrella trees, scarlet splashes of "flare" trees, *Eugenias* with flowered foliage, the ringed heights of pines, oaks, maples, and other luxury woods plumed with orchids and staghorns uphold mighty mosques; and vines, creepers, and ferns mingle in wondrous profusion. And except for the occasional fluted notes of scrub birds, the quacking of wild duck, or the splash of a platypus, all is silent—indeed, the mystery of Eacham is almost a palpable thing. We can well believe that the natives held it in superstitious dread and could not be induced to enter its waters. Near the kiosk is an arboretum of beautiful forest trees planted by the State Forestry Department. The Appian Way skirts the lake for some distance—a delightful drive through tall palisades of palms and fern-draped trees, among which stalks the cassowary (the largest of flightless birds) in search of the purple fruit of the booyongs. Branching down a green way we come upon Vision Falls tumbling in softly musical cascades over moss-covered rocks. At the little Wishing Pool we may form a wish—that we may again visit this Tropic Wonderland.

Lake Barrine lies about three miles north of Lake Eacham, and is the largest of the caldera lakes on the Tablelands. Visitors returning to Cairns via Gillies Range Road never fail to sojourn a while by this tranquil jungle-bordered lake. A comfortable accommodation house overlooks a scene of transcendent beauty.

THE CAVES



ISITORS will not find the road to Chillagoe beautiful; but it will prove unique, bizarre, fascinating in the completeness of desolation, compelling in the weird aspects of a world upended. The country presents features not to be found elsewhere on the Continent; and locked away in its stony treasure chests are nearly every mineral known to mankind.

From the train windows these waterless, sunblasted lands look as though Cyclopean armies had marched and fought over a gigantic battlefield. We see gargantuan masses of rock rising abruptly from the plains in petrified contortion, bearing semblances to living shapes—weird, fantastic, colossal—which cumbered the earth when yellow Chillagoe metals were being fused into molten quartz.

Surrounded by immense limestone bluffs the Chillagoe Caves are situated in several directions. The most interesting caverns are a few miles along Station Creek, not far from the station of Mr. William Atherton, who settled on this section of the district in the early days after his father, the late John Atherton, discovered the Emerald Creek Station lands (Emerald End) and pioneered the Atherton and Mareeba Scrubs. The Royal Arch, Herculanum, Ellen and Pompeii are close to the road to Zillmanton within the radius of one and a-half miles from the crossing over Chillagoe Creek. Visitors should arrange for guides and transport. The Royal Arch is the largest cave, with a length of 170 feet, breadth of 130 feet, and height of 50 feet.

The ornamentation of many of the caves is truly remarkable, the walls, roofs, and floors—indeed every available surface—presenting some distinctive beauty. A great part of the ornamentations are in the form of drapes. Over projecting ledges are spread smooth, rounded white counterpanes as though cascades of milk had suddenly been frozen and arrested in their fall. Series of drapes run into one another or hang singly from the roofs like curtains, perhaps ten to fifteen feet long. When struck sharply these long thin sheets give forth a clear musical note like that of a Japanese brass gong. Similar sounds are produced by striking stalactites, the depth of the tone depending upon the length and thickness. The sounds are very penetrating, and the effect when a chime is heard from another cave is highly pleasing.



*The ornamentation
of many of the
Chillogoe Caves is
truly remarkable,
every available
surface presenting
some distinctive
beauty.*

Beautiful Limestone Formations.





The Scenic Range Road.



The Gillies Range Road provides a fitting finale to a tour of the Cairns Hinterland, and leaves lasting impressions of tropical luxuriance, majestic mountain ranges, and far-sweeping valleys.

GILLIES HIGHWAY



HERE a few decades ago the pack track of the pioneers laboriously climbed the eastern fall of the Great Plateau, now one of the finest scenic highways in the Commonwealth—the Gillies Range Road—connects Cairns District with the Tablelands. This scenic highway provides a fitting finale to a tour of the Hinterland and leaves lasting impressions of tropical luxuriance, impressive mountain ranges and far-sweeping valleys.

Gillies Highway winds its sinuous course for 21 miles, terminating at Gordonvale, a thriving sugar town on the lowlands. From Yungaburra it sweeps through undulating dairying country resembling the Northern Rivers District of New South Wales. Branching off the Highway we call in at Lake Barrine, and then continue through alternating open and forest country to the Top Gate (2,700 feet). The section between here and the Lower Gate—a distance of 12 miles—is open for one-way traffic during specified hours. Thus, with 48 minutes to cover 12 miles, there is ample time to linger on the way.

Every one of the 612 turns in the road from gate to gate unfolds fresh vistas of transcendent beauty. From Heale's Outlook (2,000 feet) we behold an open vision of the world—a magnificent panorama sweeping far to the coast overlooking the Mulgrave Valley, extensive sugar lands, little townships clustered around the mills, and a serried array of sapphire-misted ranges, peaks, and purple shadowed valleys, the majestic Walsh Pyramid standing out conspicuously. Winding down in easy gradients, with the white road coiling serpentinely far below, we pass several giant kauri pines, some trees measuring $27\frac{1}{2}$ feet in circumference.

Once through the Lower Gate the big tourist coaches gather speed and flash past sugar-cane plantations and farms, past the confluence of the Little and Great branches of the Mulgrave River, on to Gordonvale, with the sweet smell of molasses in the air. Cairns is reached a short time later, and so terminates a wonderful and unusual experience.

Those alluring vastitudes—the green infinity of earth and the blue infinitudes of sky—will long remain as one of the most memorable features of a tour of North Queensland.

THE MAGIC NORTHLANDS



N opal-hearted country, where the miracle play of developing life stages scene on scene of unsurpassed loveliness under a shifting canopy as diverse in colour as a Persian rug and a Proteus in form, North Queensland is a Land of Magic, possessing riches incalculable, rare scenic grandeur, and tropical splendour.

In this golden, sun-drenched Wonderland we obtain new pictures of exquisite scenery, new revelations of the past, new realisations of the charm of our Tropic North where "all the land's a harp." Blessed with a bountiful rainfall averaging more than a 100 inches, swift fecundity of rich volcanic soils, and almost continuous sunshine, the Garden of Queensland holds much of interest to visitors which is totally different from anything to be found elsewhere in the Commonwealth.

Along the high rainfall areas of the coastal plains rivers wind their sinuous way to coral seas like burnished serpents of the Laocoon fable; far-surfing cane-belts march down alluvial flats like cohorts of two-edged spears of green; waterfalls gleam on the jungle-clad slopes of mountain ranges like bows of promise; and in the flooding sunshine tropical fruits flourish in all their delectable lusciousness—papaws, pineapples, granadillas, bananas, pomolos, custard apples, sour-sops, and the ubiquitous mangoes with "the flavour and aroma of orange and jasmine, mellowed into a poem by golden sunlight." Along the silver shores of the coast for twelve hundred miles stretches the Great Barrier Reef—an incomparable marine playground. The Ionian Islands, famous in song and story from the days of Sappho to Byron and Shelley, can be no more beautiful than the coral-girt isles of the Barrier regions, where the silken rustle of coco-palms and the scream of the terns rising above the coralline surge weave a wild sweet magic tune.

The Great Plateau ramparted among the opalescent clouds in the hinterland of Cairns is a veritable Tropic Eden with an overflowing tribute of yellow maize, choice temperate-zone fruits, golden cubes of butter, and golcondos of minerals. Here a "livelier emerald twinkles in the grass," and a salubrious climate reigns throughout the year.



Tranquil Tropic Sea.

A panoramic view from Cook Highway which skirts the coast between Cairns and Mossman.



Thirty-five

JOHN OXLEY LIBRARY
NORTH QUEENSLAND : THE CREAM OF
THE CONTINENT / COMPILED BY THE

JO-01886299-00-004



DUSK AT PALM ISLAND.